

MAGILLS ARRIVE IN CLINTON, ILL., THIS MORNING

Excitement Over Alleged
Murder is at White
Heat.

CLINTON, Ill., July 27.—Fred H. Magill and his bride will arrive in Clinton in custody of Sheriff Harvey Campbell early tomorrow morning. They will be taken from the train direct to the De Witt county jail, where they will be locked up.

Excitement in Clinton tonight is at white heat. Almost everyone in town is on the streets. Everyone wants to see Fred Magill and his bride taken to jail. After the band concert in the public square people swarmed toward the Illinois Central depot.

Crowds About Trains.
The crowds gathered about every train that arrived, hoping to see the couple that are charged with causing the death of Pet Magill.

The battle for life will commence in earnest on Monday morning, when the special grand jury convenes. The State attorney and his assistants will go before the grand jury and present their side of the case. That indictments will be returned is a foregone conclusion. Even the attorneys for Magill and his bride admit that they will be indicted.

Cannot Furnish Bail.

No effort will be made to secure bail for them. This was decided this afternoon when the attorneys for the defense admitted it would be impossible for the Magills to furnish bail. The State, however, will not oppose bail, but the State's attorney will insist that the bail be fixed at \$10,000 or more. That amount, say the attorneys for the defense, dooms Fred and Faye Magill to the county jail until the November term of the circuit court.

STATE'S RIGHTS BATTLE WON BY NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from First Page.)

all people against bringing suits for the penalty pending the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States, and ask the people as a whole to acquiesce in the arrangement made in this agreement. That the suit pending before Judge Pritchard in the United States circuit court be diligently prosecuted, without the State, however, waiving any question of jurisdiction."

Finley Haggard; Worn by Strain Of Great Fight

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 27.—The most sensational event of the day in the railroad rate war was the arrest of President Finley, of the Southern railway, on a warrant issued by Police Judge Reynolds and the subsequent interposition of Judge Pritchard, of the United States circuit court to set Mr. Finley free.

The charge against President Finley was "the aiding, directing, the abetting and authorizing the sale of tickets for more than 2 1/2 cents per mile."

Warrants against President Finley and Ticket Seller Wilson were sworn out upon violation of the common law of North Carolina, which is a different course from that heretofore pursued.

Strain Tells on Finley.

The strain has been telling on President Finley. He is haggard and worn-out. After leaving court today he has been in his room for the greater part of the day.

Before the officer serving the paper had executed the demand to take Mr. Finley to the police court, a United States deputy marshal served a writ from Judge Pritchard on the police officer, and Mr. Finley, the marshal, and patrolman found their way to the Federal building, instead of to Justice Reynolds' court.

When Mr. Finley was arraigned before Judge Pritchard, counsel for the State undertook to show that the writ of habeas corpus had been procured before Police Judge Reynolds made the arrest, the writ of habeas corpus was procured before Mr. Finley left his room at the hotel.

Folicman Williams went to Mr. Finley's room at Battery Park Hotel and read the warrant to him, and waited with him until the writ was served.

Claims Arrest Only Technical.

If Mr. Finley was under arrest at all, State counsel argued, it was purely a technical arrest, and insisted that it did not amount to that much.

Judge Pritchard stated that he widely differed with State counsel. President Finley was discharged without argument, upon the grounds stated by Judge Pritchard, upon which he discharged Wood and Wilton, ticket agents, last week.

Virginia Retains Senator Daniel For Rate Dispute

RICHMOND, Va., July 27.—United States Senator John W. Daniel, who has been retained by the State to assist Attorney General Anderson and Allen Caperton Braxton in Virginia's fight for 2-cent railroad fares, reached Richmond last night from Washington. This morning he and Major Anderson went over the entire situation together. None of those directly interested will reveal the nature of the plans of the State, which were matured and decided upon several days ago.

Despite the secrecy maintained, however, and despite the assertion that

Mournful Mary Mourns No More

Here's a Joke That Set
Her Laughing and
She Cannot
Stop.

The Joke That Won \$5.

By A. J. Clark.

"Four of a kind" would surely put a crimp in her face.

"Mournful Mary" mourns no more. A. J. Clark, of 1430 W street northwest, with the joke and illustration given above has made her happy for the rest of her life.

But Mary was due to laugh anyway. If Mr. Clark hadn't just happened to catch her just at the psychological moment, there were a score of others lying in wait for her. Now, here is one by Mrs. Elgin Smith, 1330 Massachusetts avenue northwest, that isn't at all bad:

"The teacher found the following on the blackboard one morning: 'Johnny Jones can kiss better than anybody in school.' Johnny was asked to remain after school."

"The next day he was asked if he got a whipping, a scolding, or what. His only reply was: 'It pays to advertise.'"

Private Dalsell tried his hand in the manufacture of a joke and this is what he thought would banish Mary's gloom:

"Mournful Mary's picture in last Sunday's Times would make out laugh. That mouth! That waist! That form! And O, those feet! The mouth of the Amazon, the waste of the Sahara, and the feet of Africa outdone by the playful Times artist in poking fun at poor Mary in fits and spasms of side-splitting laughter. If she didn't laugh, she swore sure!"

Here's one by Russell J. Rowe, 239 Q street northwest, that surely would have made Mary laugh if she had only had a chance at it:

"What is the difference between a cat and a match?
"A cat lights on its feet, and a match lights on its head."

By a Ten-Year-Old Girl.

Miss Marion E. Young, 1425 Q street northwest, who writes a hand at regular and clear as print, despite her age, ten years, sent this in to aid in cheering Mary:

Dentist—What! You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas last time.

Victim—You haven't been eating onions this time.

Grace Duke, 1408 S street northwest, sent this:

"A farmer returning home from his day's work was startled by the appearance of an Irishman running toward him with a rope tied about his waist."

"What are ye trying to do?" said the farmer.

"Trying to hang meself," was the reply.

"Why don't you put the rope around your neck?" the farmer asked him.

"Well, I did, and I couldn't get me breath."

Don't Let Major S. See This.

Richard H. Campbell, 719 Seventh street southwest, takes his life and liberty in his hands and writes this, despite the police:

"Major Sylvester has located Dorsey Fools."

Edward Allan, 741 Tenth street northeast, also has temerity, for he contributed this:

"Mary, they tell us that the Washington police force is composed of a very neat-appearing body of men, but between you and I, I don't you think they are somewhat un-Kemp?"

Little Edith's Wish.

Leo Moskowitz, 1206 North Capitol street, hurried in this one:

"A little girl's papa had been very ill with appendicitis and had laid for many days in the darkened room after the physician had come and removed his appendix. The little girl had been cautioned to be very quiet and very good, with the promise that if she observed these conditions she would be allowed to go in and see her papa at the earliest possible moment. At last the brief interview was permitted. She stood perfectly still, gazing at her father with loving and wondrous eyes, but when the nurse came to take her away she held back for a moment."

"Haven't I been very quiet, papa?"

nothing can be gained by immediate action, the opinion prevails in some quarters that the Old Dominion is soon to make a decisive move of some sort. Exactly what this move will be no one seems to know, although many are clinging tenaciously to the idea that the State Corporation Commission will go ahead with the publication of the order promulgating the 2-cent fares, which publication is restrained by the order of Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court.

Sanford Hastens To See Bonaparte About Rate Case

Assistant Attorney General Sanford, the President's special envoy in the North Carolina railroad rate contest, is hastening as rapidly as steam will carry him to Lenox, Mass., to confer with Attorney General Bonaparte, at his summer home.

Sanford reached the Department of Justice at noon yesterday, after an all-night ride from Raleigh, where he had been in close conference with Governor Glenn and other State officials in an effort to induce them to temporarily harmonize their views with the Federal authorities and permit the troublesome rate question to be expedited to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Sanford refused to discuss the situa-



The Composite Illustration Which Mr. Clark Sent With His Joke.

"Yes," answered her parent.
"And very good?"
"He admitted it."
"Then, papa, won't you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, Edith; what is it?"
"Let me see the baby."

Two Good Ones.
Charles R. Morris, 4914 Ashby street, ought to have won the prize, but then Mary laughed at Mr. Clark's, so what could be done? Mr. Morris submitted these:

Little Elizabeth had just been tucked into bed, and as her mamma kissed her good-night she said, "Mamma, if I should die, could I take my bestest dolly to heaven with me?"

"Why, no dear; of course not."
"Well, could I take my second bestest dolly with me?"

"No, dear, you can't take any dolly to heaven with you."

After a thoughtful pause, "Then I'm going to take my rag doll and go to hell."

"Come, Johnny. It's time to get ready to go to Sunday School."

"I ain't goin' to Sunday School today."

"Win's the reason you ain't?"
"I'm goin' to the ball game."

"To the ball game on Sunday? I should say not. What ever put such an idea in your head, Johnny Jones?"

"Why, there ain't much of any difference, they say pretty near the same things at both places."

"Why, what do you mean anyway?"
"At Sunday school they say 'Stand up, Stand up for Jesus' and at the ball game they say 'Sit down for Christ sake!'"

"Little Mary's" First.
Elmer W. Holland took this view:

"It is beyond my power to make 'Mournful Mary' laugh, and I have decided to leave the task for 'Little Mary,' whom the good old stork brought to my home Wednesday morning. She is continually laughing and saying 'Go, Go, Go, which, interpreted, means, 'Tell Mournful Mary I don't own a cent, to please laugh and send me \$5. I need the money.'"

This Is a "Sample" Joke.
W. S. Sample, Winder building, submitted this:

"A little girl comes running into the parlor, exclaiming:

"Mama, come into the kitchen, quick! There is a strange man kissing the cook."

"As the mother starts toward the kitchen, the child gleefully exclaims:

"April fool, mama; it is only papa kissing her."

John T. Fowler, Jr., 131 Jefferson street, Anacostia, is responsible for this:

"Why is the top story of a house like the mayor of Glen Echo?"
"Because it is a garret."

This Is a Popular One.
Emily M. Ketchum, Colonial Beach, Va., and Ethel Howarth, 1229 Monroe street northwest, submitted the same joke, which reads as follows:

"A man rushed into a nearby hospital one day, shouting, 'My wife! Where is she? Take me to her! Do not let them operate upon her!'"

"The attendants inquired as to who his wife was, and what operation was necessary, and he exhibited the following note which he had found at home:

"Dear Husband: I have gone to get my kimono cut out. Don't be anxious about me. Lovingly, May."

tion in any of its phases, but there is full authority for the statement that when he left behind him a prospect of an adjustment of the question was favorable.

It had been his intention to leave for a brief outing at Atlantic City, but advances later in the day, announcing the arrest and release of President Finley, of the Southern, necessitated a change of plan. He authorized the announcement that he would leave on the first train for Lenox.

"I do not go there primarily to take up the North Carolina case," he explained, "but I will discuss the subject with the Attorney General."

The belief here is that the only relief from an open conflict rests with the State officials of North Carolina. It is said that Judge Pritchard, who believes he was justified in his legal procedure, has keenly resented the intimations that he has overstepped his mark.

Sanford refused to discuss the situa-

JAP COUP D'ETAT EXCITING EUROPE

Oriental Statesmanship to
Go On Exhibi-
tion.

Itto and Hayashi Now Cyn-
sure of Diplomatic
Eyes.

LONDON, July 27.—All other international developments have been dwarfed by the Japanese coup d'etat at Seoul. In Tokyo, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, the far-reaching consequences of Japan's assumption of absolute control of the internal administration of Korea are clearly perceived. Not that Japan has not been supreme at Seoul for two years, but, as the Paris papers point out, heretofore there has been no prevailing need for a display of broad constructive statesmanship, and now the duty is imposed.

Europe is asking whether Japan will grasp the nettle boldly and show that she has the power displayed by some of the Occidental states—the power of reconciling a subject territory to a new regime. "Borrowing a metaphor from out national games," says a London westerner, "it is compared with Croomie, and the latter is said to have 'moved with the adroitness and dash of Disraeli's best form.'"

London believes that a competent organization will lead steadily to normal conditions, and then to the "Japanizing" of the country.

Independent German journals speak cautiously of Marquis Ito's "conservative course," and wonder whether the new problem, political and financial, confronting Tokyo in Korea will not be sufficiently engrossing to distract the attention of even the progressives for the next few years from the Pacific coast of America.

That the coup has been delivered with the most approved modern skill by Marquis Ito and Baron Hayashi is assumed by all British commentators. The former is compared with Croomie, and the latter is said to have "moved with the adroitness and dash of Disraeli's best form."

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JURY STRUGGLING OVER HAYWOOD'S FATE

(Continued from First Page.)

briskly to their room, evidently glad that their long period of confinement seemed near an end. The jury may report, under the Idaho law, at any hour of the day or night, and may also report its verdict in court on Sunday.

Murder in the first degree, with the death penalty.

Murder in the second degree, with the penalty of ten years of imprisonment.

Voluntary manslaughter, one to ten years.

Involuntary manslaughter, one to ten years.

Not guilty.

The jury retired at 11:06 this forenoon.

Sent for Exhibits.

A few moments before his departure Judge Wood received a written request from the jury for certain exhibits which were at once sent to them. A glimmer into the room showed the jurors lounging about in comfortable attitudes, apparently discussing the case with no great degree of excitement. It was learned later that the exhibits wanted included the telegram sent by Amy Friedlander of Spokane; the telegram sent by "Jack" Simpkins to William Haywood, saying it was impossible to get a lawyer to defend Orchard; the six drafts sent by Haywood to Simpkins in December, 1906, and the letter to Orchard at Caldwell. The exhibits were all introduced by the prosecution in an effort to prove a conspiracy among the miners' officials to kill Steinbocker.

Jurors Voices Raised.

The jurors were not always as quiet as at the hour when they sent for the exhibits, however. Several times their voices were heard raised in earnest debate, and it is generally agreed that the judge's charge, along the reasonable doubt line, has placed a responsibility on them which they feel keenly.

When the twelve came out for lunch their faces were hard set and it was plain that no immediate agreement was in sight. The meal was a hurried one, and the jurors were back in their room in sixteen minutes.

Mrs. Haywood, the prisoner's invalid wife, worn by weeks of worry and physical suffering, but still confident that her husband will be set free, sat in a chair on the court house lawn until late tonight. With her was Haywood's stepfather, his half sister, and two daughters. His mother, Mrs. Etta Caruthers, of Salt Lake, collapsed during the afternoon and is now at a hospital suffering from nervous prostration.

When the jury retired, shortly before her strength gave way, she clung to her son's side, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him good-by.

Judge Bars Public.

Ever since the jury went out frequent whispers have been circulating that a verdict was soon to be returned, but each time the rumor has proven false. Though Judge Wood is not in the court room, there will be no formal recess until a verdict is reached or a disagreement indicated to the satisfaction of all who saw them that what will probably prove irreconcilable differences had arisen among them concerning the verdict.

Store closes 5 p.m. Saturdays at 6 p.m.

PRIOR to going on your vacation there is some little remembrance you want to buy. If it is jewelry we can save you money.

M. GOLDSMITH & SON,
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NO PAIN—NO HIGH PRICES
Set of Teeth, \$4
Gold Crowns, \$3
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What to Do With Pete, White House Bull Pup; Best Answer Wins \$5

He Is an Irrepressible "Dorg," and it Needs Ingenuity to Properly Dispose of Him—Send Solution to The Times.

The Sunday Times offers a reward of \$5 to the man, woman, or child who submits the best solution of the problem of Pete, the White House bull pup, who will not keep out of mischief.

It will be easy money to the right one, and all that remains is for somebody with real ingenuity to determine a way in which this irrepressible "pup" can be subdued and made to understand that he is not the ruler of the earth and everything on it.

The winner of the award will be announced in The Sunday Times next Sunday. Address your solutions of this important problem to the Sunday Editor.

Is Milkman's Pet Now.

Pete is now doing duty as the pet of a milkman. Months ago, Pete, the lustiest blooded bull pup that ever ruled a kennel, was brought to Washington to be added to the circle of family pets at the White House.

Pete had fared well before, but his transition from an ordinary pedigreed dog to the exalted position of pet extraordinary to the wife of the President of the United States completely overwhelmed him. For a little while the honor that had been thrust upon him clouded his conceit and he was a rare specimen of subdued dog.

Gradually, however, Pete learned the ropes. He soon understood the fact that everybody in the White House treated him with undue courtesy and concern and not a few of the attaches got out of his way as easily, quickly, and gracefully as they moved aside for the highest dignitary of the land. He gained courage. One day he walked straight into a Cabinet meeting and not a soul in the room apparently resented his presence. Then he knew it was all right.

Having fixed things to his general satisfaction on the inside of the Executive Mansion, Pete decided to find out how affairs stood on the outside, and one morning took himself to the north lawn for observation purposes. Pete had heard much in his day of police reform and had manifestly imbibed a few notions on the subject, for the first thing he did was to get into a one-sided argument with one of the White House policemen. The man had little to say,

but felt very keenly on the subject. He had just arrayed himself in a nice new uniform, and as fringes had gone out of fashion he cared little for the result of Pete's friendly greeting.

Diplomat His Next Victim.
No one remonstrated with Pete for his unwarranted misuse of the peaceful policeman and Pete was quick to see that if he could do as he pleased with home talent there was nothing to stop him from sampling the foreign article.

When President Roosevelt heard of the incident Pete was detailed for duty in the back yard of the White House, where only green trees and stern colonial pillars could greet the eye of the young fighter. Pete stayed there just long enough to get on an extra thirst for more blood, and then ambled around to the north lawn again one morning when he thought nobody was looking.

He took up his station over on the grass where he knew nobody but himself was allowed and was running himself peacefully in the early rays of the morning light when somebody hove to. Pete had never seen the man before, and it might be said in passing, he has not seen him since, but somehow he didn't look just right to Pete, and his dogship gave an extra sniff or two.

He Was a Government Clerk.
The man was a Government clerk, and it stands to reason that anything or anybody who can walk into the august presence of the President of the United States without knocking on the door certainly has no time for ordinary people who have to slave from early morn to dewy eve. So it was with Pete and it was "me for you" to Pete.

The Government clerk didn't get to work on time that morning, and all day Pete was doing his utmost to get the taste of wool out of his mouth.

Again was Pete banished to the back yard, and one day, glorified in his victories against the human race, he leaped the back fence and started to clean up the Monument grounds. He chased off six yellow dogs, made several other varieties whine they had never been born, and had his stub tail shaking itself tired in the supreme happiness that he was cock of the walk, when along came a fellow bull pup, and for a time it was doubtful as to whether Pete would ever again eat his meals at the White House. He was done up in fine shape, and well on the way to extinction when a kind-

GRAFTERS GO, POSSIBILITY IN FRISCO CASE

Judge Questions Legality of Grand Jury Returning Indictments.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—An alleged flaw in the law may set free many of the grafters rounded up after many months of hard work.

In a decision handed down today by Judge Carroll Cook, of the superior court, his honor questions the legality of the indictments found by the present grand jury. He asserts that the grand jury has had no legal existence since February.

Attorneys for men indicted for taking part in the recent strike riots brought action before Judge Cook and demurred to the indictments. Counsel argued that the present grand jury continued in service after a new panel had been drawn and therefore had no legal existence.

The defendants were instructed by the court to ask the appellate court for a writ of prohibition. The appellate court will hold no session before August 22, so the cases will be taken to the supreme court direct.

heated bicycle policeman who hadn't heard of the other cop's fate at Pete's hands or, rather, his teeth, rescued the vanquished pup and brought him back to the White House bleeding from a dozen wounds.

It was an inglorious day for Pete, but kind hearts were willing, and kind hands were ready, and Pete was removed to a local dog hospital in a grocery wagon. Three days afterward he came bounding into the White House grounds, bandages flying from all fours and around his neck. He was promptly returned to the institution, and, upon his recovery, it was decided that as a member of the Executive household Pete was not a success, and he was given away.

Then Came the Lineman.
A few days ago Pete, who had been sent to live in somebody's back yard, grew more disatisfied with life, and was just on the point of going for something, when something came his way. It was a lineman for a local electric light company who had dropped into the yard to make a connection. He made the connection, all right, but with Pete's ready jaw instead of the wire circuit, and again there was trouble.

Pete's further accomplishment in the way of tearing things loose was communicated to Oyster Bay, with the result that, instead of being the pet of the first household in all the land, Pete is living with a milkman and probably trying to decide in his canine heart which one of the cows he will chew first.

Now, what shall be done with him? Five dollars awaits the best answer.

THE GREAT STORY OF THE YEAR

MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL

"The Prima Donna"

BEGINS IN

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST

MR. CRAWFORD'S intimate

knowledge of many phases of present-day life is abundantly shown in "The Prima Donna." The characters who figure in this dramatic story are the most remarkable group of modern types that the author has ever created—LOGOTHETI, the Greek

financier, showy, brilliant, and unscrupulous; MARGARITA DE CORDOVA—in real life MARGARET DONNE—the prima donna; RUFUS VAN TORP, the New York trust magnate, a